

RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature;

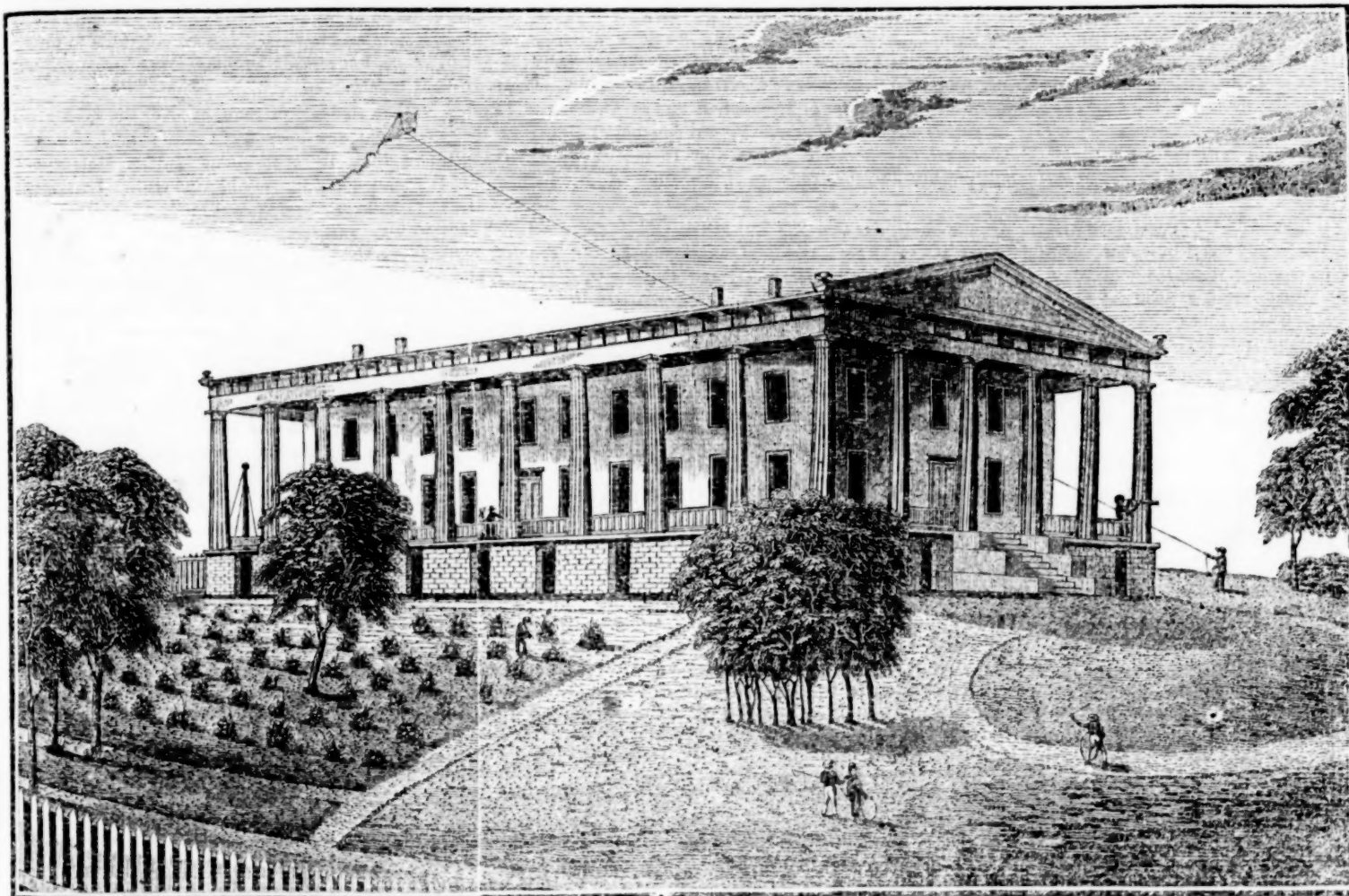
Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

VOLUME XVI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1840.

NUMBER 18.

POUGHKEEPSIE COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.



POUGHKEEPSIE COLLEGIATE SCHOOL is situated on "College Hill," about half a mile north-east of the flourishing and beautiful village of Poughkeepsie. Its location is unrivaled in beauty and salubrity, and cannot fail to attract the attention and excite the admiration of every lover of rural scenery.

This school is conducted on philosophical principles. Reference is invariably had to the nature of the juvenile mind, and constant efforts are employed to develop its powers, in their natural order, and to preserve them in their relative strength. The domestic arrangements and modes of instruction are adapted to youth of every age, and they are instructed in such branches as may be requisite, either to qualify them for commercial life, or to prepare them for a collegiate course, and the attainment of a liberal education, according to the wishes of their parents or guardians.

Those who are designed for commercial life, are generally taught orthography, reading, writing, English grammar, geography, rhetoric, logic, mathematics, history, (in particular the history of our own country,) natural philosophy, political economy, civil polity, the French and Spanish languages.

Those who are designed for a collegiate course, in addition to most of the above studies, apply themselves to the study of the Latin and Greek languages.

The government of the school is supervisory and parental. Whilst the strictest order is enjoined, such discipline is employed, as may most effectually tend to call into action the moral sense of the scholar.

Persuaded that the instructions contained in the Scriptures are eminently conducive to the formation of moral character, select portions of them are daily read, their fundamental truths in-

culcated, and such familiar lectures occasionally delivered as may best serve to illustrate their moral and religious design and tendency, without having a direct bearing upon the peculiarities of any christian denomination. Sabbath mornings and evenings are devoted to the study of the Scriptures. Scholars attend church at such places as their parents or guardians may direct. No pupil is permitted to leave the premises without permission.

Rewards and punishments are of an intellectual and moral nature, addressed to the understanding and the heart. Rewards for good deportment and diligence in study, are the confidence and good will of instructors; approbation and love of friends and relations; self-government; rapid improvement in learning; advancement to a higher class; and an approving conscience.

Punishments for negligence and irregularity

of conduct are chiefly—disapprobation of instructors; private and public censure: studying during the hours of diversion; removal to a lower class; confinement; and finally, if incorrigible, dismissal from school.

Strict attention is paid to the health of the pupils, and they are attended by a skillful and experienced physician, when necessary.

To prevent confusion and loss, every article of clothing including boots, shoes, and slippers, should be distinctly marked with the full name.

Buying or selling, or bartering—also the use of tobacco, is strictly prohibited.

The year is divided into two terms of 23 weeks each, and two vacations of 3 weeks each. Pupils entering after the commencement, and before the middle of a quarter, are charged for the whole quarter. *It is expected that no parent or guardian will remove a pupil from the school without giving the Principal sixty days previous notice.*

The Winter Term commences on the first Wednesday in November. The Summer Term on the first Wednesday in May.

Pupils are not received for any time less than one term.

Annual expense per scholar is \$230, payable quarterly in advance. This sum includes all charges for Board and Tuition, Books, STATIONARY, BED, AND BEDDING, Washing, Room, Fuel, Light, &c.

There are in the Institution three Pianos which have been purchased new within the past year for the accommodation of those Pupils who attend to the science and practice of Music. A competent instructor has also been obtained, who devotes his time exclusively to the classes in Music. There are twenty-two students of the Institution now attending to this branch of education.

Particular attention is paid to the science, and several of the pupils are now able to write and arrange music accurately and with considerable facility. It was with some hesitation that this branch was introduced as a regular study; but the Principal has the concurrence, of many of esteemed judgment, in the opinion which he has formed of the propriety of studying the science, and of the salutary influence which the practice of music may be made to exert over the minds and morals of the young.

Another branch has been introduced the present term which is not commonly taught in schools of this character, and which perhaps might be deemed by some, better ranked among the accomplishments taught in a genteel female boarding school, than among the practical studies for young men. The study alluded to is "Drawing;" a study which is so often made a mere accomplishment. The drawing of flowers, landscapes, &c. is, usually, of no practical utility, and to such subjects it is not designed to direct the attention of the pupils any farther than may be necessary in accomplishing the more important objects of the study. The primary object is to teach the science and practice of Perspective and Architectural Drawing, and to lay the foundation of the accurate draughtsman. Taught with reference to this object the study becomes not only interesting but practically important.

The extra charge for lessons on the Piano Forte per quarter, is \$18.50. This sum includes all charges for the lessons given by the instructor, use of instrument and music. For lessons in Drawing and Perspective per quarter, \$6.00. This sum includes all charges for lessons, paper, and crayons.

TEACHERS.—CHARLES BARTLETT, A. M. Principal; WILLIAM McGEORGE, A. M. Teacher of the Latin and Greek Languages; ALVIN LATHROP, A. M. Teacher of Mathematics; ADOLPHE AWANG, A. B. Teacher of the French Language; REV. FREDERICK W. HATCH, Teacher of the Spanish Language; MARCIUS WILLSON, A. B. Teacher of History, Civil Polity, Drawing and Perspective; C. H. P. McLELLAN, A. M., M. D. Master of Instruction and of Order, and Physician; THOMAS P. STROUTON, Teacher of the science of Music and Instructor on the Piano Forte; GEORGE L. LE ROW, A. B. Teacher of Rhetoric and Elocution; LUTHER NORTHROP, Teacher of Vocal Music and Assistant Master of Order; ISAAC HARRINGTON, Junior, Teacher of English Grammar and Geography; ANSELM H. TOBEY, Teacher of Chemistry; R. McHELM, Teacher of Penmanship; H. J. NORTON, Assistant English Teacher and Assistant Master of Order.

SELECT TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

THE ORPHAN.

A TALE.

BY MRS. MARY H. PARSONS.

[Concluded.]

At the door Clara parted with Merton; her self-confidence restored, and the guilty pangs in her bosom stilled, by the powerful opiates administered to her vanity. That evening Harry Sydenham came over; he and Isabel were in animated conversation when Mrs. Malverton entered the room.

"How can you reconcile it to your sense of duty, Miss Everett," she asked scornfully, "to desert your dear uncle? for really," she said, turning to Sydenham, "she shames us all by her excessive devotion to Mr. Malverton. However, I excuse her over anxiety, knowing the object she has in view." It was long since Isabel had received any marks of affection from her aunt, but she was quite unprepared for rebuke; she made an attempt to answer, but her heart was too deeply wounded; unable to command herself, she left the room. As she went out, Mrs. Malverton said, "The woman who would sacrifice her independence of mind, for the bread she eats, and the garments she wears, would sacrifice her integrity of character for as light a cause."

"Mamma! mamma!" exclaimed Clara, "you are unkind! Poor Isabel! Consider how desolate, how dependant she is! You know how she dreads self-exertion; she has no one to look to but her uncle; blame her not if she is sometimes over anxious to secure his love!"

"These are poor excuses," said Mrs. Malverton, coldly, "I cannot tolerate a woman, who will cringe to abject meanness, for the advancement of her interests."

"No more, mamma! no more, I entreat!" Clara saw there had been enough said for the present. The face of Sydenham was very pale, and his hand trembled slightly as he passed it over his brow. Had he heard aright? Isabel—so lofty and generous in her sentiments—was she accused of conduct so utterly contemptible?—Never! he would not believe it! From his inmost soul he blessed Clara, for raising her voice in behalf of her absent cousin, and this feeling imparted a degree of warmth, and earnestness to his manner she had never perceived before. Her heart bounded at the thought—"Ay, I was right; let his love cool to Isabel, and he will turn to me," and she felt already as though one great object had been gained.

When Sydenham thought over the events of that night, the defence of Clara pained him, far more than the accusations of Mrs. Malverton. It sounded so strangely like the truth! He strove to force back the dull, leaden, and heavy weight that was gathering over his heart; for he felt that conviction of Isabel's unworthiness must unsettle his peace. His love had received a shock so rude, even yet he could scarce comprehend it. No suspicion of treachery ever crossed his mind; and through the wakeful hours of that night, he resolved to watch and judge for himself.

Alone in her chamber was Clara Malverton; rapidly she paced the room, strong excitement visible in her flushed countenance. Suddenly she approached the table—there lay the sealed letter from her uncle. Her eye rested long upon the direction—to her father. How did the white hairs of that old man rise up to reproach her! Her heart was full of bitterness; "The daughter of my father," she murmured, "should not do this unworthy act! but oh! I have none of his rectitude of character, his honor, or his truth—save me from myself!" and the big tears chased each other down her cheek. She turned away from the table, and walked to the window. The moon was looking forth from her lofty dwelling-place, touching all things with the spell of her soft and shadowy beauty. Within view stood the noble mansion of the Sydenhams, and their broad lands stretched farther than eye could scan. Clara looked, and lo! Isabel Everett rose up before her, mistress of that proud home, and wife to its lord. Remorse fled, and the rigid and iron-like determination that steeled the heart of Clara to persevere till her end was accomplished.

Reader—the first dark passion that entered the heart of Clara Malverton, was *envy*. Of all the passions that exist in the human mind, envy is the most debasing, the most demoralizing in its effect. Let it once acquire a strong hold, it will stir up the evil inherent within, until, like a stream that has burst its boundary, the mighty waters of crime, will wash away every landmark of honor, virtue, and truth! Ay—and wert thou fair, maiden, fair even as *her* who passed from under the hand of Almighty God, thy beauty would not protect thee from its desolating effects—line after line, it draws upon the brow of woman, despoiling her of that which constitutes her greatest charm—gentleness of expression. Believe it for thine own sake, fair reader—the eye grows cold with the heart—so God has willed it; and man will not take to his bosom,

in confidence and love, the woman who bears this Cain like mark upon her forehead.

Clara Malverton broke the seal, and read the letter. She was alone, save the shadow of the Omnipresent—silence. How terrible, to the guilty is profound stillness! For the first time in her life, Clara shuddered to look around; the cold arms of fear were folded over her! with a mighty effort she broke the spell that chained her spirit; and ere she retired for the night, thought over her plans, and resolved energetically to pursue them.

The system laid down by Clara was pursued by both mother and daughter, with a success that delighted them. So skillfully did they manage their game, that Sydenham became convinced of Isabel's unworthiness. She rarely attempted to answer the insolent language of Mrs. Malverton; until her uncle was well, she resolved to bear it, and bear silently. It would have broken that old man's heart, to have seen the child of his dead sister, go forth among strangers to earn her daily bread! And Isabel knew it. Not for any sacrifice would she have pained the kindly bosom, that had cherished her so tenderly! Well and nobly did that young girl bear on! But there was a yet heavier trial for that lone orphan; a change had come over Harry Sydenham! He, to whom she had given the rich treasure of her young heart seemed little to value the gift. So bitter had been Sydenham's disappointment, that it imparted to his manner a degree of coldness, almost amounting to asperity. Isabel knew no reason for this strange alteration of conduct. Oh! how deeply and bitterly she felt it! Ofttimes when there was no eye to see, save The Unresting, tears of anguish would moisten her pillow, and she would murmur, "How very, very desolate I am!"

The face of Isabel wore that touching expression of mournfulness, peculiar to the very young, when sorely smitten. She uttered no complaint; nay, she strove earnestly to cheer the spirits of her uncle with some portion of the gentle gaiety that had once distinguished her. Every day his health improved; and Isabel in pursuance of a determination long since formed, ventured to hint to a very estimable friend of her uncle's her desire to obtain a situation as governess in some family of her acquaintance. This lady, a Mrs. Stanley, promised to make the necessary inquiries—mentioning at the same time, her own wish to procure an instructress in her family, but having spoken to a young friend of her own, she must await her answer, before she offered the situation to Miss Everett. The situation in Mrs. Stanley's family was so very desirable, that Isabel begged her to defer, making any inquiries, until it was ascertained what the answer of her young friend would be. To this Mrs. Stanley readily consented, for Isabel had won her way to a heart, open and affectionate as her own.

"And if I should be so very fortunate, my dear Mrs. Stanley," said Isabel, in conclusion, "as to enter your family, would you make me the proposition as coming entirely from yourself. My uncle might think it so very strange that I should wish to leave him," and Isabel colored deeply, for she had no desire to make known her actual situation in her uncle's family.

Mrs. Stanley who had long suspected the truth, consented to do so: and then she said, "Are you aware, my dear Miss Everett, that Mr. Malverton's situation as regards pecuniary matters is a very doubtful one? Clara mentioned to me that she believed her father's late attack, was almost wholly owing to anxiety of mind about some speculation in which he was deeply interested. I grieve to say, that speculation has failed. Mr. Sydenham advanced a very considerable sum to meet the demand, and the whole transaction has been kept secret from your uncle, until his health is sufficiently restored to admit of his hearing it without danger. Under these circumstances you cannot but feel your determination to seek support for yourself is a just one."

Isabel heard with great astonishment, this disclosure of her uncle's circumstances. And she rejoiced from her inmost heart, that she had not added to his anxiety by the recital of her own wrongs.

A few days after this conversation, in the evening, as Isabel watched by her uncle's side, he fell quietly asleep. She left the room, closing the door softly behind her; the family were dining out, and, fearing no interruption, she sought the drawing room. Opening the piano, she ran her fingers over the keys, the low, soft tones of her voice mingling mournfully with the music. An old and simple song it was, that she loved for her mother's sake. Ere she was half through, memory of that mother's tender love, contrasting with the coldheartedness that surrounded her, swept over her spirit, bowing it like a frail flower before the tempest. It is sad to see the young so stricken, "growing old before their time!" Her sobs died away, and something like peace stole into her heart, for she felt assured that mother's blessing was upon the faithful performance of her duty to her uncle.

Much earlier than they were expected, Mrs. Malverton and Clara returned, accompanied by Sydenham. Every fact detailed by Mrs. Stanley to Isabel was known to both mother and daughter, and the anxiety of Mrs. Malverton to secure Sydenham for Clara, had grown into a desire so intense, that it blinded her judgment. She looked very angry at seeing Isabel in the drawing room, on their return; it was unusual, as she confined herself very much to the sick room of her uncle. Mrs. Malverton could not avoid noticing the agitation of Sydenham, who rarely saw Isabel of late: traces there were of suffering, of recent tears, that made his heart ache to behold. "And yet she will bear all this," he thought, "rather than secure by exertion her own independence!"

"I need not ask if your uncle is asleep," said Mrs. Malverton; "your being here, is all sufficient evidence that he has not the use of his eyes, to note your dutiful and affectionate behaviour!"

"Dear mamma!" exclaimed Clara, deprecatingly, "may not Isabel be weary of that sick room as well as the rest of us?"

Mrs. Malverton took no notice of the interruption, neither did she notice the flashing eye of Sydenham; but she went on, with even more

than her wonted severity, to wound the feelings of Isabel.

"You promised to remain with Mr. Malverton, or I should not have left him. Will you allow me to ask, Miss Everett, why you are here?"

Isabel was tried too far, she lost all control over her feelings; almost with a cry of anguish she exclaimed.

"To weep!—yes! to weep the bitter tears of humiliation, wrung from the heart of a motherless child—am I here! Shame on the heads of those who have so cruelly used me!" and the bitter tears streamed over her face as she hurried from the room. She reached her own chamber, locked herself in, clasping her hands together, she sank down, and in tones of anguish cried unto her mother.

"My mother! you are in heaven, but you will not desert me! How could such love as yours pass away! Look upon me, mother, I have no friend but you!" she was silent for a time and then she murmured, "Before him to be so scorned, so insulted! Aunt—my aunt!" and Isabel shuddered at the dark thoughts arising within her. Then that low sweet voice rose up to the orphan's Father! in earnest and supplicating prayer. Few ever prayed as Isabel did, when the shadow of evil thoughts lay heavy upon her soul, and found their prayer unanswered! It was an hour that tried her faith, but strength was given her "till the evil days pass."

Mrs. Malverton was confounded at the unexpected burst of feeling that escaped from Isabel; to cover her own confusion, and leave the matter in abler hands, she instantly left the room.

Sydenham crossed over to where Clara was sitting, in tones that betokened the deepest distress he exclaimed:

"I cannot be deceived: in her voice there was hopeless misery—Clara, the heart of that young girl is breaking!"

Half kindly, half pityingly, Clara's eye dwelt upon Sydenham, and then in the familiar language of past time she addressed him:

"Sit down beside me, Harry Sydenham! I cannot bear you should waste so much feeling upon one so utterly unworthy—listen, and then judge if Isabel Everett be worthy of commiseration. This morning in crossing the hall, I met a servant of Mrs. Stanley's with a note directed to Miss Everett. As I was going to my father's room, I offered to take it. Isabel perused it, and without a word of comment, gave it into the hands of her uncle. It was an offer of the situation of governess in Mr. Stanley's family. I am certain my father would have felt it a relief to much anxiety he suffers on Isabel's account, had she closed with an offer in every way so unexceptionable. After reading the note he remained silent. Isabel saw at a glance his feelings, and with tears she exclaimed.

"Do not give me up to the cold charity of strangers, my dear uncle! I have no friend but you—do not desert me!"

"You know my father—he promised her that protection, that will never fail while he lives.

And now, Mr. Sydenham, after hearing this account, can you believe Isabel suffers so deeply? It grieves me to see the dislike my mother exhibits towards her; but I could not ask her to love one, whose fondness for the good things of this life gives her strength to endure ignominy and insult."

Sydenham made no reply: angry as he was at Isabel, the tones of her voice were ever sounding in his ear. Oh! how he wished to take her to his inmost heart and shield her from every ill. Clara saw that she had not produced the intended effect, but she thought, and rightly, that his excited feelings blinded his judgment. He soon rose to go.

"It is scarcely necessary, Mr. Sydenham," said Clara, "to caution you as to keeping this matter secret. You will understand it is a family affair."

Well might she caution him! She had indeed met the servant, and taken the note addressed to Isabel, had opened it, and saw at once the ruin it would bring upon her schemes. She told the servant, who had waited for an answer, that Miss Everett desired her to say, "a communication of that kind from Mrs. Stanley required no answer." She felt her situation a perilous one, but she had gone too far to recede. She hoped Mrs. Stanley would take offence at the message, and never renew the subject.

The morrow came, and Isabel Everett rose up with a heavy heart. She raised the chamber window. It was a glorious autumnal morning; the sun shone with a hazy and shaded light, peculiar to the season of Indian summer. The air was very mild—soft and balmy it touched her cheeks, like the south wind of early summer. It soothes the weary-hearted to hold communion with nature, to look upon her silent and everlasting repose—the far off mountains are the same, yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow; they are surety that in our Creator there is no change. Full of consolation to Isabel was that thought; and then, as oftentimes it had cheered her before came the consciousness of duty well performed. Peace was in her heart, and its sweet expression was upon her face. She sought the chamber of her uncle.

"Bless thee, Isabel, my child," he said fondly, "you are ever the first to bid your old uncle good morrow! I am better, Isabel, so much better that we will visit our friends the Stanleys, for I am going to ride out, and you must accompany me."

Isabel joyfully consented. When they reached Mrs. Stanley's, Isabel was struck with something very like coldness in that lady's reception of her; there was a total absence of the cordiality and kindness, with which she had ever before welcomed her. Observing her uncle much engaged with Mr. Stanley, she ventured to ask "if Mrs. Stanley had heard from her young friend?"

Mrs. Stanley regarded Isabel in surprise, and displeasure, as she answered, "You must have known I did, Miss Everett, from the communication I made you."

"This is very strange," said Isabel, "I never received any communication from you, whatever."

Mrs. Stanley looked for a single instant upon the face of Isabel and was convinced; she held out her hand.

"I see, my dear, there was a mistake; you will excuse my hastiness." Isabel warmly returned the pressure, while she waited with impatience to hear more. Smiling upon her, Mrs. Stanley drew her hand within her arm.

"You must come with me, Miss Everett, to see my little girls; I am sure Mr. Malverton will excuse us for a few moments."

Mr. Malverton shook his head smilingly.

"I cannot excuse a long absence of my gentle nurse; in very truth, but for her tenderness and care of me, I should not have been here to-day."

"I can well believe your praise of Isabel's nursing, having witnessed some of it myself," replied Mrs. Stanley as they left the room.

When they reached the nursery, Mrs. Stanley rang for the servant who had been the bearer of her note to Miss Everett. He gave an exact account of all that had occurred. Mrs. Stanley then dismissed him, and turning to Isabel said:

"I do not understand the motive that has induced Miss Malverton to be guilty of such dishonorable conduct; she would alienate your best friends from you, and the sooner you are from under her roof, the sooner your happiness will be secured. Will you then, my dear Miss Everett, assist me in the charge of these little girls?"

"I shall be most happy to do so!" exclaimed Isabel. "Oh! you know not what sacrifice I would make to secure an honorable independence. I will ask my uncle's permission—I must expect opposition, but, it is due to myself now to make exertion for my own support. But oh! Mrs. Stanley, if my uncle should insist, upon knowing my true reason for leaving his house—what *can* I say?"

"The truth!" said Mrs. Stanley, sternly; "Clara Malverton has brought shame upon her own head!"

"Ah!" thought Isabel, "but my uncle will feel it most." She said no more; and they joined Mr. Malverton, and, shortly after, left. Isabel had not in a long time seen her uncle so cheerful. As the carriage approached their home, they met Ned Merton. Mr. Malverton stopped the carriage to speak to him; but the beau seemed discomposed and out of humor, and passed on with a very slight salutation.

"Very odd!" said Mr. Malverton, and "very unlike Ned, it must be confessed."

When the carriage drove to the door, Clara was upon the steps equipped for walking. Her father asked her what ailed Merton, as it was the first time he had ever seen a frown upon his smooth forehead; and then he laughingly related their encounter. Clara was evidently agitated, but she said abruptly to her father, "You are exposing yourself in a most needless manner; I would advise your going in immediately."

"So I am," was the reply; "but Isabel would have told me far more tenderly!" They walked into the house, at his door Isabel said,

"This morning's ride will fatigue you; if you feel quite rested this afternoon, will you give

me half an hour's time, this evening when tea is over?"

"Half a dozen, if you wish my dear girl;—and now I will release you from such close attendance upon your old uncle." When Isabel turned away from that kindly and happy smile, she felt her bosom glow with the consciousness that she had been instrumental in causing it.

From the day Clara had been compelled to bestow some portion of her confidence upon Merton, he had been a narrow observer of her conduct. And he knew almost as well as herself, the secret feelings that actuated her; yet he strove in vain to win from her own lips a confession of the whole or a part. She turned a deaf ear to every hint, and never in the most distant manner alluded to the letter, or what she had done with it. Angry creditors were at Merton's door at all hours of the day—he had far overrun his limited income—he had "everything to gain nothing to lose." Leave the country he must if unsuccessful; what matter then how much he offended Clara? On the morning of Mr. Malverton's ride to Mr. Stanley's, he called upon Clara, resolving to invite her to walk out that he might have an opportunity of conversing with her without interruption. He found her quite alone; she mentioned that her mother had gone that morning to spend some days with a friend. Never had Merton exerted himself so much to please, and Clara listened with a gracious ear, to the glittering compliments offered up, as incense to her vanity. Merton saw the favorable impression he had made, and he ventured yet farther—to woo her for his wife. That was quite a different affair—the pleased smile upon the lip faded away, and the corners of the mouth curved down; giving to her countenance an expression of haughtiness little favorable to the lover's hopes. It was no moment to hesitate, and although Clara clothed in honied words, it was a most unequivocal refusal of his suit. Merton, maddened by the disappointment, and dreading to face his hungry creditors, threatened her with exposure—that he would betray her to Sydenham. And then did he pour out his knowledge of all her secret plans, taunting her with her unavailing efforts to win the love of Harry. "Can you bear this exposure," he said, his whole manner changing suddenly. "No, you cannot. Be my wife, and you shall never have cause to complain of the devotion of your husband."

"I cannot be your wife; I would be willing to be your friend," she answered. Again Merton urged her; he painted in colors that chilled the blood in her veins, the consequences of her refusal; but she struggled with the fear that possessed her, and again she said:

"Do not urge me, you know me not! I will not be your wife; and I know you too well, to think you would make an unworthy use of the secret you possess."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Merton; "you know me, do you? my proud madam! then you know a man as reckless of consequences, and as unprincipled as yourself; and so he left her. Clara equipped for walking, encountered her father, and her hardly acquired composure nearly gave way before his recital of the meeting with

Ned. The fresh air did not restore her spirits as she hoped it would. All that weary day her mind was harassed and agitated. As it drew to a close, she could no longer bear to sit with her father and Isabel, lest her unwonted manner should attract attention. She sought her own room.

"If he should tell Harry!" the color left her cheek and brow, and her dark eyes actually dilated with the agony of the thought. "Oh! God, if he should tell Harry!" she clasped her hands tightly together, while her lips closed like a vice; and thus she sat, that fair girl in the sunny time of her youth! Guilt was in her heart and despair. Beauty was gone from her countenance—peace from her bosom—for *her* there was no solitude! The void around was peopled with the world of her imagination; and when *conscience* has filled that world with forms that make the blood to creep, and grow icy in the veins, then is a mental hell begun on earth. Dark thoughts, undefined and shadowy, cramped the heart of Clara. Exposure, shame, alienation from her father, stared her in the face. Well did she know that father—that he would never take to his heart and cherish there, a child whose conduct had been so dishonorable and base. And yet upon the head of that father there was condemnation: his child had been given him "to train up in the way she should go." The right principles of action were not instilled into her mind. She was *told* not to lie; but the strong hand of parental authority had not broken a vice which seems inherent in the minds of the very young. Full scope had been given to the indulgence of her vanity, by a frivolous and worldly mother. Could it be expected when the test came, she could bear it? No! Principles such as she possessed, like the flowers upon *Ætna's* side, are soon buried beneath the burning lava, of envy, ambition, and hate!

It was on the evening of the same day he had been refused, Ned Merton drove up to a small country inn, about three miles from the place of Clara's residence. It was kept by one of the oldest inhabitants of the county: a man respected for his honesty and integrity of character. When Merton entered he found him in conversation with a man, quite a stranger to him, but whose striking features and lofty bearing aroused his curiosity. He questioned the landlord as to who he was; the answer seemed greatly to excite him. He paced the room for some minutes apparently in earnest cogitation; then advancing, he addressed the stranger respectfully, and entered into conversation with him. It was long and absorbing; when over, the stranger rose, and inquired if his horse was ready, (it being in consequence of an accident to the animal he had stopped,) he drew a cloak around him, although the evening was unusually mild, mounted and rode off. Half an hour's time brought him to Sydenham's. He dismounted, fastening the horse himself, and with the step of one to whom the scene was familiar, entered the house. Lamps were lighted, the fire burned brightly upon the hearth, books were upon the table, and materials for writing; but the young master of that mansion, half sitting, half reclin-

ing upon the sofa, bore not the countenance of a happy or occupied mind. He was in the mood that likes not to be disturbed, and he turned half angrily as the door opened and the stranger entered. Sydenham rose from his seat, gazing in surprise at the immovable form before him; and he asked, coldly and haughtily, "Who it was he had the honor of receiving." Yet, even as he spoke, he felt regret for his ungracious behaviour. Who was he? That stranger with the lofty and eagle glance—with the ample and intellectual forehead, where thought had garnered the rich stores of a life-time—the thin pale lips that looked like carving upon marble—but around which hovered an expression like woman's when her youth is crowned with beauty! In low, clear, silver tones, slightly tremulous from emotion, the stranger said: "Your father would not have welcomed me thus, his earliest and oldest friend. Boy—I am Richard Malverton!"

Harry clasped the hand held out to him between his own, while his countenance testified strong emotion, as he bade him welcome again to his native land.

"Thou art very like thy father," was the answer; "and I will love thee, Harry Sydenham for that father's sake."

"But I came here to-night upon business. The old landlord at the inn recognized me;—upon hearing my name, a man accosted me, saying that he was about to leave the country, and he believed Providence had thrown me in his way, that he might bring the hand of justice upon the heads of the guilty. A strange story he told me, Harry Sydenham; and bade me come to you as a witness of its truth. 'Go to him,' he said, 'he has been there daily; he has seen—he has heard—ask if these things are true!' I have come, Harry Sydenham—now listen!"

Merton had told all; the secretion of the letter—the attempt to embitter the mind of Sydenham against Isabel—the foul wrong heaped upon the head of Isabel to lower her in his esteem:—and, in conclusion, he had declared his belief "that Isabel had borne all patiently, rather than distress her uncle by seeking the means of support." Word for word, Richard Malverton detailed the whole story. Harry Sydenham, the agony of that hour might have excused a heavier fault than thine! Aye—he saw it all now—oh! why had he not seen it before! Because, Harry Sydenham, in thine honorable and upright mind, there was no place for *suspicion*. In that of Ned Merton there was ample room, and he saw deeply into the crooked ways of the human heart, *when they are evil*.

One portion of Merton's information Mr. Malverton withheld—the deep distress of Sydenham convinced him it was no idle tale—his love for Isabel. "You have been so frequently at the house," said Mr. Malverton, "you probably know if my brother received my letter. I did write, continuing to Isabel the allowance settled upon her mother. I had then no idea of coming home; but I started very soon after the letter—a yearning to see my old home once more, came over me; I had no ties to bind me there."

"I am very sure your letter never was received by your brother," said Sydenham; "in-

deed, I see nothing to disbelieve in Merton's story."

"Let us walk over to the house; I would fain see and judge for myself." Sydenham consented, and during their walk, let us turn for a moment to Isabel. She was crossing the large hall of the mansion, on her way to her uncle's room; she had been detained later than she expected by company, Clara not leaving her chamber since the afternoon. As Isabel entered the hall, Clara opened a door on the other side. It was at this moment, Mr. Malverton and Sydenham reached the house. There was inside, venetian doors to the hall, which were closed, so both gentlemen could see, themselves unobserved. Sydenham attempted to open the door, but the strong grasp of Richard Malverton was upon his arm, his voice whispering in his ear—"Hist! I will listen and judge for myself—this is no common case!"

"Where are you going, Isabel?" said Clara; "that is, if I may ask."

"To my uncle's room," said Isabel, coldly.

"It is late," said Clara, (haunted by vague suspicions of evil,) "my father may be in bed."

"No," Isabel replied, "he promised to see me this evening."

"Promised! then it is an appointed interview—to what purpose?"

"Relative to my accepting the situation of governess in Mrs. Stanley's family."

"In Mrs. Stanley's family! said Clara, becoming very pale, "I never heard of this before?"

The glance from Isabel Everett's eye made Clara quail, under the detection of the falsehood she had uttered, and sternly Isabel said:

"Clara! when you took the note you knew to be mine, and answered it to suit your own purposes, how did you dare address disrespectful language to Mrs. Stanley in my name? Oh, it was most unkind, Clara, to induce her for one moment to suppose I could thus return her great kindness."

Isabel moved towards the door, but Clara, placed her hand upon it.

"Grant me one favor, Isabel—'tis the first I have ever asked; I will never forget it. Do not go to Mrs. Stanley's."

"Why should I stay?" exclaimed Isabel, "to be an object of scorn and contempt! For my dear uncle's sake, I have borne—oh! *how* much of the bitterness that fastens upon the life strings of the poor dependant! It will grieve him, but it cannot *harm* him now, to know that I must seek another home. Let me pass, Clara, if you please?"

"Is this my answer then?" said Clara; the passions slumbering in her bosom roused into fury, "and is it thus you refuse the first request I ever made you. This is your obliging disposition—your amiability of character—a very proverb in the mouth of my father. You have been a fit recipient for the counsels of your saintly mother!"

"Stop, Clara! you know not what you are saying. Do not take the name of my dead mother upon your lips, in words of mockery! Oh, if you had come to that mother, a lonely and desolate orphan, asking for protection and sympathy, she would have taken you to her heart,

and cherished you there forever!" The hidden founts of memory had been touched by a rude hand, and every fibre in the heart of Isabel vibrated to the touch: tears forced themselves down her pale cheek, which she would fain have checked; for the cold eye that was upon her, made her shrink from any betrayal of feeling. Gently she said, "Let me go to my uncle; of what avail is a protraction of this painful scene?"

"You shall not go," said Clara, while her eye flashed, and her thin nostril dilated with passion; "you shall not go, while I have power to prevent it!"

"Nor is it necessary," said the clear, stern tones of Richard Malverton, who entered the hall, followed by Sydenham—"Isabel Everett shall have a home, without seeking for it among strangers."

The sight of Sydenham made Clara recoil; but she rallied instantly, and asked in her haughtiest tone, "And who are you, sir?"

"One, whose handwriting is better known to you than his face—Richard Malverton!—Go to your father, and tell him his brother would see him!" Humbled in the dust, the guilty, but unrepentant girl left the room.

"Isabel! How that name brings back my youth! Can you love one whose heart yearns to be unto thee a father?" Isabel, who had sunk into a seat, made an effort to rise, but she had been tried beyond her strength, and with the exertion she would have fallen, had not her uncle caught her. He bore her to the hall door, seating her upon a chair, and supporting her head. "She has only fainted, she will soon revive," he said to Sydenham, who bent over the motionless girl, with a face almost as white as her own.

The fair, soft hand of Isabel hung lifeless by her side, Sydenham raised it suddenly to his lips, "Oh, Isabel! Isabel! how I have wronged thee!" burst from his full heart: and it was no shame to the manhood of Harry Sydenham, that the warm tears fell over that fairy hand; A faint tint came upon the cheek of Isabel, and returning consciousness to the dark and tender eyes.

"You are better, my dear girl," said her uncle, very gently, "calm yourself, my Isabel, you have now a friend to protect and love you."

"I cannot thank you, my dear uncle, now," said Isabel, tremulously.

Richard Malverton raised the hair that fell over the white forehead, and kissed her fondly.

"Thou art strangely like thy mother, Isabel—God bless thee for the likeness! Harry Sydenham will lead you to the drawing-room. I must seek my brother; it is very long since we have seen each other."

Sydenham offered his arm to Isabel, who walked feebly; he led her towards the fire, and she sat down upon the sofa, shading her face with her hand: for a few moments Sydenham stood by her side, and when he took the vacant place upon the sofa, he said:

"I know I am unworthy your forgiveness, Miss Everett, yet I would fain ask it. At least, hear me, though 'tis but a poor defence to acknowledge myself the dupe of a system of base deception. Will you hear me, Miss Everett?" he said, bending, slightly bending towards her,

and listening intently for the words that might fall from her lips. But Isabel dared not trust her voice: all too warmly her heart was pleading for Harry Sydenham. She bent her head assentingly, and her lover waited for no farther consent. He ran rapidly over the past, alluded to his own feelings towards her, and the unfavorable impression made upon his mind by the insinuations of Clara—owned he had never suspected the cause of her submission to the insolence of Mrs. Malverton, and that his worst suspicions were confirmed by the vile fabrication of her having refused the situation of governess in Mrs. Stanley's family.

"And now that you know all, Miss Everett will you forgive me? Oh! believe me, I shall not soon forgive myself." There was a deep, burning spot upon the cheek of Isabel, that rose and spread till it touched the snowy forehead—her lips parted with a smile, that came laden with the heart's unutterable happiness; playing like a ray of light upon her fair and youthful features. Beautiful was the smile of Isabel Everett, and so thought Harry Sydenham; he knelt down by her side, pouring out the love that filled his heart to overflowing: "Be mine oh, Isabel! change and evil cannot touch thee, for I will guard thee beloved—with the truth and tenderness of an undying love I will cherish thee forever; and if sorrow is sent by that all powerful hand, from which I cannot shield thee, dearest, I will share it with thee! Oh, Isabel, be mine—there is no joy our love will not increase—there is no grief it will not lessen! Be mine, oh Isabel, and I will pour out upon you a love, that will satisfy even you whose very nature is made up of love!" And anon, the low, sweet tones of Isabel, fell upon his ear.

"I will be thy wife, Harry Sydenham—can a lifetime repay such love as this?"

* * * * *

Richard Malverton had finished his story;—upon the ear of that unhappy father it fell, like molten lead upon the condemned criminal. The uncorrected faults of his daughter's youth, rose up before him in giant magnitude. Like the High Priest of old, the dark fiend of an accusing conscience was whispering in his ear, "She did evil, and you restrained her not."

"I did not think to welcome you thus, to the old home of your childhood, my brother. I have been very ill, Richard, and this story has stricken me again to feebleness. Cherish Isabel Everett for my sake—it may be my last request." As he ceased speaking the door opened, and Clara entered—could she gain her father's ear, all might yet be well; and with such desperate purpose had she come.

"Believe him *not*, father!" she cried. "Richard Malverton has come back with little of a brother's love, to sow dissension in the bosom of your home. Father, the tale is false! listen to your daughter!" "She is my child—take her away," said her father, in a low, hoarse tone of emotion. He was obeyed. Richard Malverton led her forth without the door; she shook off his hold in fierce wrath, and words of passion were upon her lips; suddenly a low cry fell upon her ear; then came the

sound of an old man's sobs, wrung from the heart's agony—ah!

"How sharper than the serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child!"

The morrow came—Clara was alone in her chamber. Detected, and exposed, she was not humbled. To convince her father of her innocence, was her determined purpose; that accomplished, she might yet retain her good name. She opened his bed-room door; he had not risen. How still that chamber was! It seemed as though the breath of the sleeper was not there! Clara approached the bed—Yes! it was even so; in the calm, and immovable features there was no trace of life. Yet, upon the countenance, there lingered peace, and beauty!—it was as though all the kindly, and warm feelings that dwelt in his heart, had lingered in their upward flight! Good old man! in mercy, wert thou called so suddenly.

With features almost as cold, and rigid as the dead, Clara gazed on!—Oh! that long, fixed gaze of horror! Despair had clasped the heart in its icy folds! But the sense of her guilt was abiding—she laid her head in the dust! and out of that self-abasement she came a better and a wiser woman.

It was a room furnished with exceeding splendour—rich, and rare objects of art, from many lands, were scattered around, the gift of Richard Malverton; for the old man dwelt with his children! But the rarest object there—and the loveliest, by far!—was the gentle mistress of that mansion. Tears were in those eyes—those large, lustrous eyes! Yet, there was in them an expression of the heart's deep, deep happiness. Sydenham is speaking to her.

"Your Uncle Richard, my Isabel, has ordered a costly stone to be erected over your Mother's grave; and he has chosen an inscription, which, if it could be graven with *truth* upon the monument of every mother there would be few Clara Malvertons!"

"And her children shall rise up, and call her Blessed!"

"Oh, Isabel! I feel how deep a debt of gratitude is due to that faithful Mother, whose early teaching, and judicious counsel, have made you what you are. Thou art beautiful, my beloved!" and the young husband clasped her fondly to his heart—"and good, as thou art beautiful! Bless thee, Isabel! my own, and dearest!—bless thee in all things, even as thou hast blessed the life of thy husband!"

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

ON THE ADVANTAGES

Resulting from an Intercourse with Good Society.

The advantages to be derived from freely mingling with good society, are many and important. By bringing the minds of others in contact with our own, our thoughts and feelings are drawn forth, they act as a load-stone bringing to light powers of mind which were perhaps strangers even to ourselves, which had lain dormant since our minds were first lighted up with the ethereal spark emanating from the mines of intellectual and moral knowledge, and which

might have continued thus concealed in the far off cells of the mind, if a new vigor and life-giving impulse had not been given us by a collision with the minds of others—thus may we impart and receive knowledge. Nor is this the only, or the greatest good resulting from a free interchange of our thoughts and feelings with our fellow men. By it, narrow feelings and selfish prejudices are destroyed, our minds become enlarged, our thoughts more elevated; we learn to think better of human nature, the pulses of our hearts throb with a warmer and kindlier impulse towards our fellow beings.—By it we are prevented from relapsing into that morose and unsocial state of mind from which the bright angel of happiness shrinks in affright.

Man was designed by his Creator to be a social being, and if he neglects to cultivate those powers of mind with which he is endowed, for the improvement of his fellow being and consequent happiness of himself—if he allow those energies to lie dormant, and shun intercourse of all, even of his best friends; the green eyed monsters, jealousy and envy, with their frightful host of lesser demons, will take possession of his mind, and he will sink into that most horrid and wretched state of mind, misanthropy; a state from which we shrink back aghast with horror. Let us then, as we would avoid this most unhappy condition, cultivate our minds, and what is of more consequence, our hearts. Let the incense of kindness and good will burn freely on the altars of our hearts, and we shall have the rich pleasure of feeling that we have been the means of imparting happiness to our fellow beings—of having, even though in a feeble way, accelerated the motion of the ball of intellectual and moral knowledge, which shall continue to roll and roll on through the countless years of the future, gathering and increasing in power and strength with each revolving motion, until the deep breathings of its voice shall be heard from pole to pole—until its burning rays shall light up with a heavenly radiance the dark and benighted corners of the earth, shedding a bright halo around every son and daughter of earth, and guiding them to a brighter inheritance beyond the shadow and vale of death.

GERALD.

MISCELLANY.

TEACHING CHILDREN TO LIE.

My nearest neighbor when I resided in Connecticut, was a man moving in the ordinary walks of life, and was a prudent, careful, honest and industrious husbandman. Being at a certain time on some occasion at his son-in-law's, one of the boys of the family wished to go home with his grandfather; it not being convenient at that time, but added, "Next time grandpa comes he'll carry you home with him." The boy was pacified. The old gentleman not thinking any more, (as, alas! many careless and faulty parents do,) of what he said to the boy, was several times at the house without fulfilling his engagement; and, perhaps, without once having it come again into his mind. But the boy was not so forgetful. He recollected well the promise of his grandpa. In process of time the grandfather took the boy behind him on his horse, and was

conveying him to his parental abode. On the way the boy began to remonstrate with his grandfather on the subject, by saying, "When grandpa was at our house one time, he said the next time he came he would carry me home—and grandpa *did not*." "Why," said the old gentleman, "You don't think your grandpa would lie, do you?" "I don't know," says the boy, "What does grandpa call it?" This confounded the old gentleman, and he knew not what reply to make.—This anecdote has convinced me more than almost any thing I ever heard, of the importance of regarding strictly and conscientiously what we say to children. Especially it has shown me the evil of trifling with children, and making them unmeaning promises or declarations which have attached to them no truth or signification. And it is my deliberate and fixed opinion, that oftentimes parents, by disregarding, forgetting, and neglecting to fulfil what they declare unto children in promising or threatenings, are chargeable with the pernicious evil of teaching their children to lie, and then perhaps inflicting punishment upon them for the crime. This is hard—this is cruel—this is an evil of a monstrous size, prevalent and triumphant to an alarming degree, and which ought speedily and effectually to be corrected. Watch then, and remember to make good what you say to children. Do not threaten them with what you have no business to execute—such as cutting off ears, taking off skin, &c. In this way you weaken your own hands; render the truth doubtful, and train up your child for falsehood and crime. Whatever else you neglect, yet by no means neglect to teach them by precept and example, an inviolable regard for the truth.—*Youth's Journal*.

SELFISHNESS.

WITHIN his house, in a great arm-chair before the fire, sat an old grey-headed man, ripe for the grave. 'Twas winter, and the cold wind whistled among the leafless branches of the trees, and the snow and sleet rattled against the windows. The old man chuckled, for he was warm and comfortable, and the biting blast touched him not. He said, "I have enough; I am rich; so blow ye winds, and drift ye snows; I am safe." A servant entered, and said, "Sir, a woman is at the door, trembling with cold; has no where to sleep, no home to go to; she begs for a corner of your kitchen to pass the night in." "Away, I've no room for thieving beggars; there is a tavern close by; tell her to go there." "She says she has no money, and begs you to give her enough to buy a meal and lodging." "Begone, drive her off; what I've got is my own, and I'll keep it too. I've none to squander on worthless mendicants."

The next morning the old man stepped out into the porch, and there upon one of the benches sat the poor beggar woman. His rage was kindled.

"Did I not tell you I have nothing for you, impudence? Come, come, tramp. Leave my house, I say, d'ye hear?" She heard him not. She was dead! The old man smote his breast and entered the house. He never left it again; for he also died, and died miserable, though rich.

AN UNTIMELY DEMAND.—A Provincial actress was performing the part of Lady Anne in Richard III. and on delivering the following passage, "When shall I have rest?" she was answered by her washerwoman from the pit, "Never till you pay me my three shillings and two pence."

EXTREMELY POLITE.—A young widow of very polite address, whose husband had lately died, was visited soon after by the minister of the parish, who inquired as usual about her husband's health, when she replied, with a peculiar smile, "He is dead, *I thank you*."

FONTENELLE lived to be nearly one hundred years old. A lady, of nearly equal age, said to him one day in a large company, "Monsieur, you and I stay here so long that I have a notion Death has forgotten us." "Speak as softly as you can, madam," replied Fontenelle, "lest you should remind him of us."

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

N. B. J. Furnace Village, \$1.00; R. R. Cuyahoga Falls, O. \$2.00; Z. W. G. Leeds, N. Y. \$1.00; W. A. H. Ypsilanti, Mich. \$1.00; W. P. W. Hardwick, Vt. \$5.00; S. S. Hardwick, Vt. \$5.00; P. M. Marengo, N. Y. \$2.00; C. R. Grangerville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. D. Cairo, N. Y. \$1.00; N. B. C. Colebrook, Ct. \$1.00; C. D. Fulton, N. Y. \$1.00; H. E. Ballston Spa, \$1.00; C. K. Ballston Spa, N. Y. \$1.00; S. S. East Franklin, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. Orange, Ms. \$1.00; S. B. New-York, \$1.00; P. M. Dalton, Ms. \$5.00; S. P. H. Potter, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. S. Laneborough, Mass. \$1.00; P. M. Hanover Center, N. H. \$5.00; S. A. S. West Rush, N. Y. \$1.00.

Hudson Lunatic Asylum.

During the year 1839, eighty four patients have been under the care of Drs. S. & G. H. White, the proprietors of this institution—to wit:

Recent cases.....23
Chronic do.....58
Intemperate.....3

Of the recent cases that were removed during the year, 15 recovered, 3 improved, 2 died.....20
Of the chronic cases removed, 9 recovered, 11 much improved, 9 improved, 1 died.....30
Of the intemperate removed, 2 reformed.....2
Remaining under treatment, Jan. 1st 1840.....32

Four hundred and fifty-one cases have enjoyed the benefit of this institution since it was opened, a period of nine years and a half.
The quiet patients continue to enjoy family worship, as heretofore.

Marrfed,

In this city, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Pardee, Mr. Donald P. Ross to Miss Margaret Acly, both of this city.
At Canaan, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kent, Mr. Henry Benton, of Greenport, to Miss Sophronia Olmsted, of the former place.
At Canaan, on the 22d ult. by the Rev. H. Spencer, Mr. William C. Nixon, of Glen, Montgomery Co. N. Y. to Miss Celia A. Knapp, of Tyringham, Ms.
At Smoky Hollow, Columbia Co. on the 1st inst. by Silvanus Smith, Esq. Mr. Norman Rockefeller to Miss Christina Blakeman, both of Taghkanic.

Died,

In this city, on the 31st ult. Mrs. Maria Isabella, wife of Mr. James Burrough, in the 30th year of her age.
On the 3d inst. Mr. John Leslie, in his 71st year.
On the 4th inst. Catharine, daughter of the Rev. George H. Fisher, in her 3d year.
On the 4th inst. Miss Jane E. Noyes, in her 20th year.
On the 4th inst. Mrs. Agnes Nelson, in her 84th year.
On the 8th inst. Miss Polly Ross, in her 78th year.
At Hamilton, N. Y. on the 25th ult. in the 78th year of her age, Susan Payne, wife of Oliver Teal, formerly of this city.
At Pawtucket, R. I. on the 5th inst. Edward T. youngest son of Richard Carrique, jr. of that place, aged 17 months.
At Ghent, on the 29th ult. after a short but severe illness, Mr. Adam Gaul, an aged and respectable inhabitant of that town.
At Chatham, on the 2d inst. Samuel, youngest son of Edward G. and Louisa Wilbur, aged 6 months.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

LAMENT FOR SPRING.

HASTE, haste, oh lagging Time! and bring
Those sweet and happy hours
Of Spring—the ever-welcome Spring—
With all its birds and flowers.
Now, gray and lurid clouds obscure
The day-god's kindly ray,
And rushing winds, once soft and pure,
Howl on the livelong day.

I long to hail in joy again
The clear and amber sky,
And see the greens on hill and plain,
Where now the snow-flakes lie;—
To list again the blue-bird's song
From out the forest trees;
And hear its music float along
Upon the gentle breeze.

The robin, too, that built her nest
Last year within the brake,
Would greet her home here in the west,
And woods with echoes wake.
Though she may have another home,
Upon a distant shore,
She longs with Spring to hither roam,
And leave her haunts no more.

The brooklet once so blithe and free,
Would leap again to light;
And with its gushing melody
Make sweet the starry night:—
And I would sit beside it, too,
And muse on human ills;
And, as I muse, within its view
The shade of crowning hills.

The trees would shake their foliage out,
And round their blossoms shower;
The rose would fling its balm about—
The vine creep o'er the bower.
Along the air would steal the hum
Of insects on the wing—
The bee from out his cell would come,
And sweets unnumbered bring.

Avaunt the thought! that I must lay
My form within the tomb,
When clouds obscure the sun's fair ray,
And shroud the world in gloom.
No! let it be in silence laid
Within the green Earth's breast,
Beneath some "spreading yew-tree's shade"—
There let me take my rest.

Then warblers from the woodland near,
Would pour their strains of glee;
And reft ones drop the pearly tear
To keep my memory.—
And flowers as frail as him who sleeps
Below the swelling mound,
Would drink the dew-drop while it weeps,
And breathe their incense round.

Oh, give the boon—'tis all I ask,
Should early death be mine;
Let Winter rest from his dread task,
And Spring in glory shine.

She lights the hearts of sorrow's load
Long hours of pain beguiles—
Makes cheerful every lone abode,
And greets all with her smiles.
Utica, Jan. 1840.

J.

CHILDHOOD'S PRAYER.

BEAUTIFUL the earliest flower of spring,
Which rears its timid head,
A fair, and frail, and helpless thing,
Above its snowy bed.

To transient sense and passing sight,
It may not hope to vie
With those more fragrant and more bright,
Which summer shall supply.

Yet memory fondly owns its worth,
With gayer blossoms burst
To light and life—for this came forth,
The simplest, and the first!

Lovely the rosette scents of morn,
When dews and vapor rise,
Gemming with diamond drops each thorn,
As incense to the skies.

Brightly may shine the noon-tide rays
On rock, and lake, and hill;
Yet memory, 'mid their cloudless blaze,
Will turn to morning still.

There was a freshness in that hour,
So misty, hushed and calm;
That, like each opening leaf and flower,
The spirit owned its balm.

And such, if we may rate the worth
Of boon more rich than fair,
By symbols borrowed from this earth;
Is childhood's artless prayer.

It is a boon above all price,
To earthly gems assigned;
View'd as the earliest sacrifice
Of an immortal mind;

When flowing from a guiltless heart,
And breathed by guiltless lips,
No after eloquence of art,
Its beauty can eclipse.

Oh! thou for whom I frame this lay,
If thou hast thus been taught
At morn, at eventide, to pray
With feelings and with thought:—

Never thy privilege forego,
But each returning day,
In hope or fear, in joy or woe,
Continue still to pray.

So shalt thou find, through faith and love,
In toil, and grief, and care,
Thou hast a Father throned above,
Who hears, and answers prayer!

From the Rockton Enterprize.

THE MOTHERLESS INFANT.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Look up, my lonely one,
Up to yon spreading tree,
Whose green leaves in the sun
Are waving free:

Fast by its root there swells
A mossy hillock fair,
Where the blue violet dwells
With the young cowslip bells;
Thy mother sleepeth there!

Hark gentle creature, hark!
Heard'st thou a robin sing?
See, from yon thicket dark
He spreads his wing:

How sweet his chirping hum
Announces Spring has come,
With its gay blossoming!
But she, who loved his voice,
'Mid an eternal Spring
Doth evermore rejoice!

Perchance his house he'll rear
On yonder verdant spray;
And thou shalt see it, dear,
Rock, when the breezes sway;
Yes, thou shalt watch his nest
Amid the curtaining tree:
There his young brood shall rest,
Caressing and caressed—
But where's the tender breast
Whose love should nurture thee?

Oh, moan not thus, sweet love!
Thy mother is not dead—
There is a home above,
Where her pure spirit fled!
God was her changeless trust,
And o'er the lifeless dust
Her soul rose free;
Lift up thine infant prayer—
Ask for His guardian care:
Her God shall succor thee!

PRAYER.

Go, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the moon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night;
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember those who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
And pray for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition,
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Who's Mercy, Truth and Love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing,
With this can we compare,
The power that he hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer.
Where'er thou pinest in sadness,
Before His footstool fall,
And remember in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY

WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers.

For All orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.